

J. Butts
THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XV.]

Saturday, October 3,.....1812.

[NO. 24.]

DOMESTIC MISERY;

OR THE

VICTIM OF SEDUCTION.

After the elopement of Maria Allanby entirely neglected his business, which was followed by some alarming losses: at length absolute and irretrievable bankruptcy had become his portion, when he received from indubitable authority, the account that his daughter was living with Talbot as his acknowledged mistress. This was the mortal blow to his reason, and his friends could be of no farther use than to get him admitted into a neighbouring mad-house. Here he was always meditating on his daughter and his escape, which he effected, though ironed to prevent it.—To return to Maria.—Letting fall her sleeping child, she extended her arms towards Allanby, and exclaiming, 'O my father!' she clasped his knees in an agony too great for utterance. At the name of 'father,' the maniac threw himself on the ground, tore his hair, and uttered the most dreadful execrations, repeating the word 'father!' which, he said was a mockery to him. From these ravings he sunk

into mildness and patting the cheek of Maria, exclaimed, 'Poor thing!' Allanby suffered her to take his hand. 'Poor thing,' said he, 'don't cry: I have not cried since my daughter died! Do not leave me, and then we will go visit her grave.' So saying, he dragged Maria forward towards the town, but in a few minutes after he exclaimed, 'They are coming, they are coming!' and ran across the common. Maria looking behind her, saw three men pursuing her father at full speed. Soon after the poor lunatic came again towards her, and she had scarcely time to lay her child gently on the ground, when Allanby threw himself into her arms, and implored her to save him from his pursuers. But this was impossible: the keepers soon seized him, and, to make him less refractory, used blows, and tore him by violence along, while he called on Maria to protect him, till, exhausted with anguish and fatigue, she swooned, and fell insensible on the ground. When she had recovered, she looked for her child, and saw it lying at a little distance in a deep sleep. Fearful it was the forerunner of death, she flew along the road, and beheld a cottage into

which she entered, and interested the good wife in the recovery of her child. Her extravagant joy on its restoration was too violent to be unobserved : then, suddenly recollecting herself, she exclaimed, 'O my dear father, thou art past cure ; and despair must be my portion !'—'Aye,' said the wife, 'you are unhappy because your father is ill ! I lost my own father last winter, and a hard trial it was : but I had nothing to reproach myself with. He smiled on me in his last moments, and just before the breath left him, said I was his good child ! What a terrible thing it must be to lose one's parent, and not have done one's duty by them.' These piercing words filled the heart of Maria with a momentary despair, and seizing a knife that lay by her, she endeavoured to put an end to her existence ; but the cottager arrested her arm in time to prevent the suicide : to this phrenzy succeeded a stupor, and then throwing herself back on the bed, she lay with her eyes fixed and incapable of moving. The cottagers looked at each other with amazement, and the woman, taking Henry from the lap of her daughter, held him towards Maria. 'Unnatural mother,' cried she, 'would you forsake your child !' 'Never !' exclaimed Maria ; and snatching the child to her bosom, she fell back on the pillow, and, to the great joy of the compassionate family, both mother and child soon after fell into a profound sleep.

They continued in this state till night was closing, when the child awoke, and, being hungry, it broke the rest of the unhappy mother. Provision being placed before them they fed heartily, and at evening Maria rose to go. She tendered them half a guinea, all the money she had, as a reward for their kindness, but this the kind cottager desired her to keep for those who might not be willing to do a service for nothing. He then insisted on seeing her to the town, and they set off together.

As they drew near, they came in-sight of a new building. 'That is the new Bedlam !' said the cottager.—'Hark, what scream was that !' Maria had not power to speak, and he proceeded : 'This house was built by subscription, and began by a kind gentleman of the name of Allanby, who, from losses in trade and the bad behaviour of a worthless daughter, lost his senses, and became one of the first inhabitants of it.' Maria groaned aloud and was going to make some observation, when she heard a loud cry as if of one in agony. On the suggestion of the cottager, that they were beating one of the maniacs, poor Maria darted from the spot, and hurried to the town. At length they entered its walls, and the cottager said 'Now we are arrived here a welcome home to you, young woman.' 'Ah !' cried Maria, 'you give me a welcome to that which I have not ;—once indeed—' She stop-

ed abruptly, and the kind-hearted man could scarcely forbear shedding tears at such mysterious yet evident distress. In happier days, when Maria paid a short visit to her friends, the pleasures which she anticipated on her return formed by far the larger part of the enjoyment; and when absent a few days only, she was received by Allanby with a delight too deep to be conceived, and an expression of pleasure was visible in the eyes of her acquaintance. How dreadful was now the reverse after an absence of only a few years!—The friends, who once smiled, now smiled only with contempt; the voices that had aforetime welcomed her were now loud in indignation; and the father, who had counted the moments till her return, was now the pitiable object of her miserable misconduct.—When they arrived at the place of her destination, Maria stopped and told the cottager they must part. ‘I am sorry for it,’ replied the good man. ‘Wife and I have both taken a great liking to you; and we do really think you are not of our condition, but a lady though in a disguise & so humble. Alack, misfortune visits rich and poor!’ Encouraged by this, Maria said, ‘Indeed I have known better days.’—‘And will again soon, I trust,’ replied the cottager with earnestness. ‘I hope so my dear worthy friend,’ replied Maria. ‘Not so,’ rejoined the old man; ‘we are more worthy to be your servants than friends.’ ‘Alas!’

returned Maria, ‘perhaps there is not a hand in the world which would succour mine, or a tongue which would not upbraid me.’ ‘Be that as it may,’ said the cottager; ‘that speech shall not be told of me. You know I saved your life, and some how, I feel now as if you belonged to me, and I am sure I would not desert my own.’

The house to which Maria was hastening was that of her nurse, from whom she had always experienced the affection of a parent. The door was opened by Lucy, her nurse's daughter, the play-fellow of Maria's childhood. She now took leave of the cottager, who prayed God to bless her, shook her by the hand, and returned home. Maria then made herself known to Lucy, who started on hearing her visitor was Maria Allanby. ‘Oh! my dear lady, how you are altered? Thank heaven my poor mother is not alive to see this day.’ ‘Then am I miserable indeed,’ rejoined Maria, ‘for I have lost my best, my oldest, and only friend!’ ‘Indeed my dear young lady, this is not true. I love you as well as my mother did and will do all I can to serve you. All I have came from you, and do you think it is not all at your service? Oh, my bad stars, that I should behold my dear Miss Allanby in want of the help she was always so willing to bestow.’ During this time little Henry remained closely folded up in the

pelisse Maria held in her hand, which Lucy took from her, and discovered the infant. 'It is mine,' said Maria, as the good girl bestowed her caresses on the cherub. You say nothing of your husband,' said Lucy. 'He is dead,' replied Maria, with emotion. 'Have you any children, Lucy?' 'None!' she replied. 'Promise then, if I die,' said Maria, 'be a mother to this infant.'—'Indeed I will;' and Lucy's respect yielding to affection, she fell on Maria's neck and cried aloud. Maria now told Lucy that she had a question to ask, which she charged her to answer truly; but, the agitation of Lucy inducing Maria to suspect that it related to her father, she informed her that she was already acquainted with his situation, and proceeded to ask, whether her elopement and misconduct had in any wise hastened the death of her nurse, who was in ill health when she went away. 'Oh no!' replied Lucy, 'she always maintained you did not go off willingly, and no doubt she was right, for you were always too good to do wrong.' Maria confessed that she was a guilty creature, and that she would not have dared to intrude upon her benevolence, if she had not been severely punished, and was resolved to pass the remainder of her days with her in solitude and labour. Lucy affectionately intreated her not to make use of the word *intrude*, but Maria said that it was such, since the highest rank, when it had lost its honor,

was unworthy to be the inmate of the meanest person whose name was spotless.

It will be unnecessary to describe the anguish Lucy felt at seeing her young lady, once the pride of her heart, reduced so low in the world, or the inward joy that entered her bosom at the reflection that Maria had returned never perhaps to leave her again. Maria spent great part of the night in communicating her mournful tale to Lucy, and an hearing in return a full account of her father's illness, bankruptcy, and subsequent madness. At day-break she retired to bed, not to sleep, but to ruminate on the romantic plan she had formed for the future, while Lucy sobbed herself to sleep by her side. The next morning Lucy rose earlier than her companion, and prepared a handsome breakfast, which Maria observed ill accorded with Lucy's situation, and was such as neither of them could afford, if it were her intention that she should make the cottage her abode. 'Be it so, Madam,' rejoined Lucy, 'and you must consider this as only a welcome.' When Maria had finished her breakfast, she informed Lucy that she was going to set about her first task, and call on Mr. Arnold. 'Oh! do not call on him, my lady,' exclaimed Lucy, 'he is a very rigid man, and perhaps might affront you.' Maria replied that she was determined to endure humiliation; but she

did not apprehend much rudeness, as his daughter Amelia and herself had been formerly intimates; but, however, this might prove, it was necessary she should apply to him in order to succeed in her scheme. Lucy eagerly asked what scheme, and Maria replied that at present she would not trust her with it, fearful she might disapprove her plan. Lucy recommended it to Maria not to go by daylight, because she might be known and insulted. The advice arose from Lucy's tenderness, but it conveyed to Maria's bosom a keen conviction how hateful her guilt had made her in a place which formerly echoed with her praises. Observing that Maria seemed inclined to go, Lucy said, 'If you will not avoid insult for your own sake, pray do for mine. If you do visit Mr. Arnold, at least oblige me in not going till dark.' Maria therefore consented to stay.

At six o'clock at night, while Amelia Arnold was expecting her lover, to whom she was shortly to be united, and the family were enjoying the comforts of a blazing fire, Maria, alone, knocked at Mr. Arnold's door. The quick ear of Amelia heard the humble rap, and listened anxiously to the servant opening the door, thinking it might be her lover. She distinctly heard Maria ask if Mr. Arnold was within.—Amelia recognised the voice, and sprung forward, exclaiming, 'I am sure it is her voice—let me fly to her!' but her fa-

ther seizing her arm, told her to stay where she was, saying, 'I also know that voice, and will not let you speak to her!' He then went to the door, and told the unfortunate, that his house was no asylum for abandoned women or unnatural children. 'But for the wretched and the penitent—' said Maria. 'Hear her, my dear father!' exclaimed Amelia: but her father pushed her back into the parlour, and bid the servant shut the door in the face of Maria, but not before she heard the audible sobs of the tender hearted Amelia. The servant, however, was more gentle than the master, and hesitated to obey the orders he had received. 'Ah! Miss Allanby said he, do you not know me?—not recollect little James who once lived with you? Oh! that I should ever see you in this way!' Maria, hearing the voice of Mr. Arnold demanding to know why he was not obeyed, besought James to deliver a message to his master—'Tell him, said she, I only ask of him his interest to get me a servant's place in the bedlam where—Alas! he will know what I mean.' James delivered the message, and Amelia passionately exclaimed, 'She a servant, and in a mad-house too!' 'Ah, Miss,' said James, 'she is the very picture of misery and despair!' Mr. Arnold, in the mean time, walked up and down the room, not knowing how to decide; but at length he took the most unfavourable side as being the most prudent, and

ordered his servant to turn her out, and tell her at the same time there were other governors to apply to besides himself: but James positively declined the cruel deed, and he locked the door against her himself.

(Concluded.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MISCELLANY.

SIR,

It may seem somewhat paradoxical to assert, that *Vice* does not always appear *vicious*; yet it is too true, and for this plain reason: our ears are so accustomed to hear, and our eyes to see it in every shape, and at almost every door, that we no longer dread its appearance, nor shun its very advocates. Nay, so dead is the present age of religion, morality, and even to our duty as members of Society, that excuses are ready coined for most crimes; whilst the virtuous man, who sincerely wishes to make his life in some degree comfortable to his profession, is directly branded with the name of a *Hypocrite*.

If a man is a drunkard, you are told.—*Poor man, he is nobody's enemy but his own.*

If a common swearer—*He means no harm.*

If he is passionate—*His passion is soon off him.*

If he breaks peoples heads—*He is never easy till he has made 'em amends.*

If a gentleman keep thirty brace of pointers and spaniels, and feed them at his own table every day—*Yes, (say they) but he is charitable to the poor.*

If he debauches a neighbour's daughter, they admit the fact, but—*he settled her parents in a good farm for life, and gave them money to stock it with.*

If he keep a seraglio, it would not be difficult to find female advocates (of modesty hitherto unimpeached) who would justify the necessity of—*Gentlemen in high life having such avocations.* This I have heard asserted and vindicated in public company, by a lady of no small credit in the gay world which confirmed me in my opinion, that *Vice* has almost lost her deformity, and *Virtue* her comeliness; or at least that nothing appears vicious which is not criminal, nor any thing virtuous but decent hypocrisy. Nor is this confined to the Laity only; for, from my own knowledge, I can say nearly with the celebrated CHURCHILL,

————— 'There's not a place
Most consecrate to purposes of grace,
Which *Vice* hath not polluted.'

I have heard of an archbishop of York, who was desirous of partaking of the diversion of the races there, but would not on any ac-

count be seen upon Knavesmire ; and therefore ordered his coachman to drive him into a field adjoining, from whence, over the hedge, he could see the horses run. And a prelate, now living declared in a certain assembly, that 'He thought Play-houses proper in the Capital ;' and freely owned, 'he had often wished himself at the Theatre, but did not think it became the character of a Bishop.'

I have above made use of the term *decent hyprocrisy*, and will allow it to be a strange expression; but at the same time would wish to be informed, what appellation will better suit these two mitred successors of the Apostles than *decent hyprocrisy*.

I mean on some future day to trouble you with a few observations on the speech of the latter, and may, perhaps be troublesome to him with a few plain questions on the subject. In the mean time I propose sending you the different Characters of two persons of distinction lately set out in life, with each 10,000*l.* per annum. If you should think them worth occupying a corner of your useful Work, they are at your service ; if not, I shall still rest satisfied. The little leisure time I have I will endeavour to make useful to the community.

A wicked man is sometimes shocked and reformed by seeing another more wicked than himself;

for our eyes are generally more open to others faults than our own ; and Men are stimulated to follow Virtue with ardour, if they can be prevailed on to believe, that she has everything to bestow necessary to complete man's happiness here and hereafter.

I am, Sir, your's,

E B O R.

SELECTED

For the Lady's Miscellany.

BIOGRAPHY OF

MRS. SARAH PALMER.

Was a lady of extraordinary endowments and virtue. Her understanding, in point of solid and useful talents, was of the very first order ; nor was she destitute of that imagination and sensibility which is requisite to the nice perception of beauty, whether in nature or in art. Her mind was stored with information on subjects which have usually and justly been considered as intimately connected with human virtue and happiness, namely, morals and theology while elegant literature, in general, had not been neglected by her. Impressed with a just sense of the superlative value of the moral principles of religion, she was perfectly free from prejudice in matters of speculation, which did not appear to involve practical consequences. At about the age of 70, she unreluctantly gave up a

religious sentiment, which she had believed from her infancy, upon a single perusal of a decisive tract, consisting only of a few pages, in which that tenet was refuted. At the same time she was very tenacious where she conceived that the interest of morality, or the perfection of the divine attributes would be endangered by concession. Her education had not included an acquaintance with the grammar of the English language, a circumstance which would not have deserved mention, had she not written the language with the grammatical principles of which she was unacquainted, with a correctness and elegance not often exceeded; an additional proof of superiority of intellect. But the powers of her understanding, though great and diversified, must perhaps yield to the qualities of the heart. As her views of the Divine Being were most exalted and reverential, her piety was fervent, and at the same time, cheerful and rational. Her benevolence was most enlarged and active, and made the distresses of others her own to a degree that has, perhaps scarcely ever been equalled. Her exertions to relieve the distresses which she thus painfully realised were, of consequence, proportionably prompt and unremitting. Instances might be enumerated in which she denied herself, for the good of others, in points of great importance to her personal comfort and enjoyment. Her general abilities were most lively and

acute, and her judgment of character decided and almost irrevocable. If she had a characteristic failing, it was a small defect of candor, after she had once made up her mind on the qualities of those with whom she was connected. But this, in her, was rather a mistake of the judgment, than an error of the heart. The vice which she most abhorred, as it was repugnant to every feeling of her nature, was that gross self interest, which while it seeks personal advantage, pays no regard to the comfort and happiness of others. In a few words—if exemplary piety, and benevolence the most free from every debasing mixture of selfishness, constitutes human excellence, she may be considered as having ranked among the first of human characters. She died at Cirencester, in 1801, aged 80.

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

**BIOGRAPHY OF
HANNAH SNELL.**

A Woman of astonishing enterprise, was born in Fryer-street in the city of Worcester, April 23, 1723. Her father, though at this time no more than a hosier and dyer, was the son of the illustrious captain lieutenant Samuel Snell, who stood the brunt of the wars in the latter end of king William's reign, signalized himself at

the taking of Dunkirk, and served faithfully in the English army during queen Anne's wars. He had three sons and six daughters, and of these daughters the heroine of our subject, was the youngest but one. Having lost her father and mother, she came up to London, 1740, and resided for some time with her sister in Shipstreet, Wapping. Some time after she came to London, she contracted an acquaintance with one James Summs, a sailor and Dutchman; this acquaintance was gradually improved into a familiarity, which familiarity soon created a mutual passion; for in a little time Summs made his addresses to her as a lover, gained her consent, and was married to her at the Fleet, on the 6th day of January, 1743—4. But all his promises of friendship, proved instances of the highest perfidy, and he turned out the worst and most unnatural of husbands. Having dissipated her little property he at length abandoned her, leaving her in a pregnant situation, with all the horrors of poverty. Notwithstanding these calamities she patiently bore herself up, & in two months after her husband's departure, was delivered of a daughter, who died at the early age of seven months. From the time of her husband's elopement, till the period she put on men's clothes, she continued with her sister, who was married to one James Gray, a house carpenter, in Shipstreet, Wapping; from whence she took her departure unknown to any one

of the family, and was never heard of until her return. Being now free from all the ties arising from nature and consanguinity, she tho't herself priviledged to roam in quest of the man, who, without reason, had forsaken her. That she might execute her designs with the better grace and greater success, she boldly put on a suit of her brother-in-law, (Mr. James Gray's) clothes, assumed his name, set out on the 23d of November, 1745, and having travelled on Coventry with a view of finding her husband, she then enlisted on the 27th of the said month, in Gen. Guise's regiment, and in the company belonging to captain Miller. She was billeted on one Mr. Lucas, in Little Parkstreet, Coventry and was attended there by the corporal and some other of the soldiers, where she was civilly used. After they had drank together, the reckoning was called and the new recruit was requested to pay the whole, which she readily complied with, and they all took their leave for that night. Being now alone in her quarters she sat down near the fire, where she spent some time in reflecting on what had passed, as also what might be the event of this her new enterprise. But an unexpected accident happened; her foot being near the fire, a coal fell out of the grate into her shoe, which so burned her foot that she was not able to put her shoe on for many days; and which circumstance prevented her attending on the drum, (as it

is usual for new recruits) whilst the party remained in Coventry. She stayed in this city about three weeks, during which time she made it her chief care to enquire for her husband, (only as an old acquaintance) but could hear nothing of him; which disappointment animated her spirits, and made her resolve to pursue her fate, let whatever befall her, being likewise determined to keep her sex concealed. As the north was then the seat of war, and the regiment being at Carlisle, she in company with seventeen other recruits from Coventry, marched under the care of Corporal Bishop, and carried with them two standards and colors. During this march she appeared as cheerful and as little fatigued as any of her comrades; and performed this long journey in three weeks. On her arrival at Carlisle, she was instructed in the military exercise, which she performed with as much skill and dexterity as any serjeant or corporal in his Majesty's service. But here she met with great embarrassments; her serjeant whose name was Davis, having a criminal passion for a young woman in the town, looked upon our adventurer as a proper person for assisting him in his intrigue; he accordingly entrusted her with the secret, and desired her assistance in promoting his scheme. She was obliged to promise him the help he desired: but instead of acting in the capacity he wished for, she went and disclosed the

whole matter to the young woman and warned her against the impending danger. This act of generosity in a soldier, gained her the esteem and confidence of the young woman: and seldom a day passed but there were in each other's company. This afforded Davis room for jealousy particularly as he had been repulsed in his addresses to the lady. He accordingly seized an opportunity of charging our heroine before the commanding officer, with neglect of duty: upon which she was sentenced to receive six hundred lashes, five hundred of which were inflicted with her hands tied to the castle gates, but the remaining hundred were remitted thro' the intercession of some of the officers. It was not long after this unhappy occurrence, before another cause of uneasiness appeared. A fresh recruit came into the regiment, whose name was George Black, a brisk young fellow a carpenter by profession, who was born in the city of Worcester, and had travelled to London to seek better employment. This young man took up his first quarters at her brother's house, and was with them at the very time Hannah eloped. Upon the first sight of him she became exceedingly uneasy, though the carpenter had no suspicion of either her name or sex: but such was her apprehension of being discovered that she came to an absolute determination of deserting.

(To be Continued)

The EDITOR to his PATRONS.

As the fifteenth volume of the Ladies Miscellany, will close on the eighteenth day of October next, the Editor thinks proper to address a few words to his numerous patrons in this city, and elsewhere; as well to express his thanks for the past liberal encouragement and assistance of his friends, as to inform them of the objects he has in view, with regard to his establishment in future.

It is now Eleven years, since the Ladies Miscellany (under different titles,) first made its appearance in this city, with various success; yet that success even at its lowest ebb, has always been sufficient to keep the paper afloat, tho' it has not at any time been so liberally patronized, as to enrich any of its proprietors. The latter consideration, has for a time past, been the means of compelling the present Editor, in some measure to neglect the paper, more perhaps than in justice to his subscribers it ought to have been—in order that by his attention to other branches of his business, he might be enabled, to acquire that support for his family, which was denied him in his Editorial capacity, and as he cannot with propriety think of issuing a paper, which (from his other avocations) is prevented from receiving the necessary care and support it requires, the Editor has concluded to offer the estab-

lishment for SALE.—At the close of the present volume.

Should the Editor, however, not meet with a purchaser to suit him, he has engaged with a Gentleman in this city, of respectable talents, to undertake the conduction of the paper to commence with the next volume.

And in case the latter arrangement should take place, the subscribers to the Miscellany may rest assured of receiving universal satisfaction. As no pains or expense will be spared in rendering it a complete vehicle of useful and entertaining knowledge; as not only the original talents of the above mentioned Gentleman, will be bestowed upon the paper, but copious extracts will enrich its columns, from the best and most approved authors extant, and he has it in his power from a well stored library, and an extensive correspondence, to render the Ladies Miscellany, one of the most valuable and instructive works of the kind in the United states.

The Editor feels a consciousness, that should the paper still remain in his hands, his former patrons and the public at large, will not let him be a sufferer from the expensive arrangements he has made to usher in the subsequent volume of this work - with that respect which he confidently expects it will hitherto be entitled to. Nor can he be prevailed upon to believe, that the Citizens of New-

York, will permit laudable and virtuous exertions to go unrewarded, or literary merit and talents, to be treated with contempt and frigid neglect. SAMUEL B. WHITE.

New-York 5th September 1812.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

For the Lady's Miscellany.

AN ITALIAN LAWYER.

Pylæus, an Italian lawyer in the twelfth century, seems to have been master of all that acuteness and chicanery which has in after times marked his brethren. Some workmen, on the point of hurling a stone from the roof of a house, called out to the persons passing to take care. A man going by, and neglecting the caution, was wounded by the fall of a stone, and summoning the workmen into a court of law, demanding damages. Pylæus was employed as counsel for the workmen, and finding that there was no possibility of procuring evidence that his clients had called out to the passers by, he advised them accordingly: and when the trial came on, and they were interrogated by the Judge, and asked why they had hurled down the stone so carelessly? they made no reply. The Judge repeated his question—still silent. The Judge appearing astonished

at this, Pylæus informed him that his clients were unhappily deaf and dumb. 'Nay,' exclaimed the plaintiff, 'that never can be: for I heard these very men cry out to every body to take care.'—'If so,' said Pylæus, 'I have proved what was necessary: no damages can be awarded and they must be acquitted.'

A radical cure for a mischievous Monkey.

The late duke of Richmond had some capital hunters in Sussex. A monkey who was kept in the stable was remarkably fond of riding the horses, skipping from one to the other, and teasing the poor animals incessantly. The groom made a complaint to the duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil. 'If he is so fond of riding,' said his grace, 'we'll endeavour to give him enough of it.' A complete jockey dress was provided for the monkey, and the next time the hounds went out, Jacko in his uniform was strapped to the back of one of the best hunters. The view hallo being given, away they went, through thick and thin: the horse carrying so light a weight presently left all the company behind. Some of the party passing by a farm house, enquired of a countryman whether he had seen the fox.—'Aye zure, said the man he be gone over yon fallow.' 'And was there any one up with him?'—

'Whoy yez,' said John, 'there be a little man in a yellow jacket, riding as though the devil be in 'um.—I hope from my heart the young gentleman may'nt meet with a fall, but he rides most monstrous hard.'

The experiment had the desired effect: Jacko was sufficiently chafed by his exercise to make him dislike the sight of a horse or a stable ever afterwards.

*The political Creed of a dealer
in Pigs.*

A patriotic candidate, who offered himself as the representative of a Kentish borough, told a Yeoman to whom he applied, that if he was returned member, he would exert all his influence to turn out the ministry. 'The devil you will!' replied the yeoman, 'the devil you will! Then I promise, you shall not have my vote: for I am not for changing 'em, be they good or bad. I know very well how it is with my hogs: when I buy them in lean, they eat the devil and all: but when they have once grown a little fat the keeping 'em is not half so expensive. So that I am for keeping the present set—a new herd would devour more.'

*A toast given on the spur of the
occasion.*

The late Dr. Byrom, of Man-

chester, was a violent Jacobite, and determined on no occasion to drink the king's health. Several of his friends once agreed to invite him to a dinner, and surprise him into it. He was fond of his glass, and after dinner they pushed it about very briskly, and gave different toasts in succession: one of them gave the king! the next and the next repeated it as quick as possible. When it came to the doctor's turn, he took his glass, and in an audible voice repeated the following admirable impromptu:

'God bless the king. God bless our
faith's defender—

There's no great harm in blessing the
pretender:

Who the pretender is—or who the king
God bless us all, that's quite another
thing!

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, October 3, 1812.

*"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the times."*

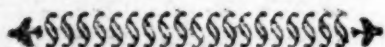
*The City Inspector reports the death of
46 persons in this city and at Potter's
Field, from the 19th to the 26th of Sep-
tember.*

F I R E S .

About one o'clock on Sunday morning a fire broke out in Reed-street, between Chapel and Church streets, which consumed seven wooden buildings, and deprived of a home upwards of twenty poor families. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, from the circumstance of fire having been com-

municated to the roof of one of the houses three days ago, which was discovered early enough to prevent any injury being done at that time. *Merc. Adv.*

Mr. Tucker's Plaister of Paris Manufactory in White-street, caught fire on Monday evening, and was destroyed, with some damage to an adjoining building.



Married.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Berrian, Mr. Walter Langdon, of Portsmouth, N. Hampshire, to Miss Dorothea Astor, daughter of John Jacob Astor, esq. of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Isaac Peck, of Flushing L. I. to Miss Agnes Polhamus, of this city.

In June last, Mr. Anson Dickinson, of Litchfield, Ct. to Miss Sally Brown, of Detroit, Michigan Territory.

On Tuesday evening last, at the Seat of Chief Justice Kirkpatrick, of New Brunswick, Samuel Boyd esq. of this city, to Miss Ann Maria Bayard, youngest daughter of the late Col. Bayard.

At Ballston, on Thursday the 17th ult by Ashbel Andrews, esq. Mr. Horatio Gates Stafford, A. M. of Albany, to Miss Betsey C. Hewett, youngest daughter of John Hewett, of Ballston.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Abraham E. Brower, merchant, to the amiable Mrs Morgan.

On the 22d ult by the rev. Eliphalet Price, at Caspers Kill, Poughkeepsie Dr Stephen D. Beckman, surgeon of the 13th regiment of the United States Infantry, to Miss Maria Clinton, daughter of genl. George Clinton, deceased, late Vice-President of the United States.

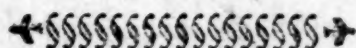
On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Gardner Spring, Mr. Daniel Turnier, to Miss Eleanor Tate, both of this city.

At Newark, on Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Lambers Suydam, merchant, to Miss Harriet Sherman Higgins, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr Spring, Mr. Edward Connolly, to Miss Eliza Mead, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Sibould, William Lawrence, esq. to Miss Anastasia Lynch.

At Westchester on Wednesday morning, by the rev. Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. William Bayard, jun. of this city, to Miss Catherine Hammond, daughter of Abijah Hammond, Esq.



Died.

On Tuesday evening last, Mrs Eliza Borrow, aged 36.

At Staten Island, on the 28th ult. capt, S Holten Webster, a native of Massachusetts.

On Sunday morning last, Mrs Mary Williams, aged 80 years, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with christian fortitude in a full belief of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.

On Sunday evening last, in the 17th year of his age, after a lingering & painful illness, James Middleton.

On Sunday evening last, after a lingering illness, Mrs Mary Smith, wife of capt. Elihu Smith.

On Saturday morning last, about 6 o'clock, of a dropsey, George F. Cooke, esq. the celebrated tragedian—He had just completed his fifty-seventh year.



*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

From the Boston Gazette.

ODE

To the Memory of the gallant American
Tars who fell in the late action be-
tween the Constitution and Guerriere
frigates.

HOW swells a congregated strain
Throughout our wide domain!
Hark! 'tis the note of praise,
Opposing spirits raise;
The Meed of glory, due
To Hull lov'd hero, and his gallant crew.
Now party rancour ceas'd
And ancient feuds at rest.
See! at the conquest feast:
Pure amor patria sways each breast.
Here time bleach'd 'foemen' break the
bread of peace,
And bid each long-nurs'd, rankling
hatred cease:
In valour's praise the sparkling cup
goes round,
The patriot band, with new-born fire,
Wakes the gay witch'ries of his lyre,
And Freedom's Cradle echoes with the
sound!
'Tis goodly all:—but let the muse now
tell,

Of those who died
On vict'ry's side,
And far beneath the dark blue billow
dwell.

In honest, though in humble line,
The sadly pleasing task be mine,
To sing the mem'ry of the hardy brave,
Whose gallant blood
Distain'd the flood,

And now in ocean find a peaceful grave.
Long as the deed is known
That gilds Columbia's fame,
The record shall be shown,

Where glows each deathless name.
On thee, Oh! Bush, and those around
who fell,

Shall patriot-feeling long delight to
dwell.

Oh! now let fancy rove
To where some blue-ey'd Bess,
Meek child of dire distress
Bedews the mem'ry of her slaughter'd
love.

Now faded is the dream of bliss
That fitted o'er her raptur'd mind,
When on her sailor's arm reclin'd.
She met and gave the parting kiss.
Her heart, alas! proud vict'ry fails to
cheer;

While ev'ry eye beams joy, her's glist-
ens with a tear.

Oft, too, shall honest friendship moan
Some kindred soul, untimely gone,
Some heart, though humble, kind sin-
cere,

Where feeling glow'd, an inmate dear,
Where, though a rugged soil, fair hon-
or learn'd to bloom.

And now sheds lasting fragrance o'er
the wat'ry tomb.

Now, hallow'd shade! to fame's ne'er
dying page

We leave the task thy bold exploit to tell,
And when the off-spring of some future
age,

Shall on the scroll of thy achievement
dwell,

O, may a cherish'd spark each pulse
inspire,

And bid them dauntless brave the war-
fiend's ire ;

Then, prompt to shield their battle-pur-
chased land,

Each vale shall boast a gallant, Spartan
band ;

Then when our 'forests' to the 'seas
descend,'

Shall future *Mulls* their country's rights
defend. CARLOS.

The following beautiful lines are from
the pen of LUIS DE CAMOENS the
celebrated Portuguese poet. What
a melancholy reflection, that the man
who could write such an exquisite
morceau, should languish in poverty !
—Yet such is, too often, the fate of
genius ! *Susq. Dem.*

STANZAS.

I saw the virtuous man contend

With life's unnumber'd woes ;

And he was poor—without a friend—

Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the passions' pliant slave

In gallant trim and gray ;

His course was pleasure's placid wave,

His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in folly's snare,

And join'd her giddy train :

But found her soon the nurse of care,

And punishment, and pain.

There surely is some guiding power,

Which rightly suffers wrong ;

Gives vice to bloom its little hour,

But Virtue late and long.

ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

An Extract

Approach, ye wise of souls, with awe
divine.

Tis Newton's name that consecrates
this shrine !

That sun of knowledge, whose meridian
ray

Kindled the gloom of nature into day !

That soul of science, that unbounded
mind.

That genius, which ennobled human
kind !

Confess'd supreme of men, his country's
pride !

And half esteem'd an angel—till he died !
Who in the eye of Heav'n like Enoch
stood,

And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd
with God :

Whose fame extends, a sea without a
shore !

Who but forsook one world to know the
laws of more.

Tom Hearne to Father Time,

'Damn it,' says Hearne in furious fret,

'Whate'er I learn, you soon forget.'

P R I N T I N G

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